



Spring 2012

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TEACHER USE ONLY	
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For an item that is **not** multiple-choice, you must respond to what is requested, write in English, and make sure that your responses are readable. No credit will be given to any response that

- is too short to score
- consists of “I don’t know”
- indicates refusal to respond to the item
- consists of copying the item
- does not address the item or topic
- is not legible
- is written in a language other than English. (If part of the response is in English, that part will be scored.)

READING

SAMPLE QUESTIONS

Directions

Use the passage to do Samples A and B.

SAMPLE PASSAGE

Fireweed: Alaska's Famous Wildflower

Fireweed is the most famous wildflower in the Pacific Northwest. It has the ability to grow back rapidly after an area of land has been cleared or burned by fire. In fact, fireweed is usually the first plant to reappear after a wildfire. It can grow to be over seven feet tall. Its blossoms decorate open spaces with blazes of hot pink and purple. When the fireweed plant is young, the stems can be prepared and eaten. The leaves can be added to salads. The blossoms are used to make jelly and syrup. Bees love the nectar from the fireweed's blossom, which becomes delicious honey for humans to enjoy.

Sample A

According to the passage, which part of the fireweed plant is used to produce syrup?

- Ⓐ root
- Ⓑ stem
- Ⓒ leaves
- Ⓓ blossoms



Sample B

What are two reasons fireweed is an appropriate name for this plant?
Use details from the passage in your response. This item is
worth 2 points.



Directions

Read the passage about one person's summer activity. Then, answer the questions that follow.

Outward Bound

by Jennifer Philbin

With the wind biting my face and the rain soaking through my clothes, it didn't seem like July. I watched a puddle form at the foot of my sleeping bag as the 10-foot plastic sheet jerry-rigged above me gave way to the wind. I hadn't eaten for almost a day, and a rumble in my stomach demanded why I was in the Northern Cascades of Oregon—alone, soaked—in the first place. With two more days alone in the wilds ahead of me, I had plenty of time to think about that question.

I'd always been impressed by people who had been in Outward Bound, basically because I'd always lumped myself in the I-could-never-do-that category. For one thing, I just assumed I was too small and urban; I'm no granola. I also wasn't a big risk-taker. I'd always relied a lot on my family, friends and boyfriend, and I evaluated myself on how well I met their expectations of me.

Signing up for an Outward Bound course the summer after my junior year in high school was a chance to break away from that. After all, the courses are described as "adventure-based education programs that promote self-discovery through tough, outdoor activities." Exactly what I needed; I'd be facing challenges away from my usual supporters. As the starting date approached, though, I became increasingly terrified. I'd never attempted mountain climbing, white-water rafting, backpacking, rappelling or rock climbing, and I

was plagued by fears that I'd fail at one or all of them. I begged my mother to cancel for me. No such luck.

I shouldn't have worried so much. For most of the people on the course, it was their first time with Outward Bound, too. Then again, the course was pretty hard because I had to adjust to a different way of day-to-day living.

The first week, my group rafted 100 miles down the Deschutes River. I was soaked, shocked and exhilarated. Then we climbed Mount Jefferson, the second highest peak in Oregon. Every time I gazed at that snowy, 10,000-foot peak, I felt a combination of panic and delight. The delight faded, however, the first time I strapped on my backpack. It was so heavy that I needed someone to help me put it on. And then I could barely walk in a straight line. Eventually, I got the hang of it and could actually feel myself getting stronger. Somehow we made it up Mount Jefferson in five days. At the peak, I decided I could do anything I set my mind to, which was good since the solo component of my course—that three-day bonding session with myself—was next.

For solo, my instructors dropped me off in a clearing in the woods with very little equipment and minimal food. I was alone with a pencil, some paper and my thoughts. Sure, I was bored at first and a little scared, but honestly, it was one of the coolest things I've ever done. I realized how little time I actually



spent alone, and I kind of enjoyed my own company.

Overall, during the three weeks of my course, I became a new person. I can't even count the times that I thought I couldn't give any more, and somehow I'd find the strength to carry out the task at hand, and carry it out well. I loved that feeling, and I didn't lose it. Back home, my grades soared with this realization

that personal limits didn't have to exist unless I let them.

My experiences with Outward Bound are invaluable, but that doesn't mean I'm going to give up my dreams of a career and live in the woods. I will, however, forever be grateful for what I got out of the course: Before I went I always thought, *I can't do this*. Now I think, *I'm not afraid to try*.

1 The main reason the narrator signed up for the Outward Bound course was to

- (A) prepare for a career.
- (B) have an athletic challenge.
- (C) build strength and endurance.
- (D) become self-reliant.

2 For the narrator, what was most significant about the environment in the Northern Cascades?

- (A) It was much more unpleasant than expected.
- (B) It provided a strong contrast to city life.
- (C) It had many days of cold, rainy weather.
- (D) It was a dangerous place to spend time alone.



3 According to the passage, what marked the turning point in the narrator's trip?

- Ⓐ realizing one's own company is enjoyable
- Ⓑ being dropped off in a clearing in the woods
- Ⓒ reaching the peak of Mount Jefferson
- Ⓓ rafting down the Deschutes River

4 As used in the passage, another word for *component* is

- Ⓐ element.
- Ⓑ variable.
- Ⓒ momentum.
- Ⓓ forum.



5 What made the narrator most afraid?

- Ⓐ spending time in the woods alone
- Ⓑ disappointing family and friends
- Ⓒ facing difficult challenges without support
- Ⓓ climbing the second highest peak in Oregon

6 The author most likely wrote the passage to

- Ⓐ convince readers to take the Outward Bound course.
- Ⓑ explain how athletics can strengthen character.
- Ⓒ describe a meaningful personal experience.
- Ⓓ detail the difficulty of overcoming fears.



7

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Directions

Read the passage about an artist. Then, answer the questions that follow.

The Potter's Wheel

by Sarah E. Glass

Hartley threw aside the newspaper he had been reading, took off his hat and began fanning himself, while his gaze wandered far out over the bay to the dim, dark outline of Deer Island, barely discernible on the hazy horizon. "Say, Roberts, did you ever hear of George Orr?" He crossed one knee over the other, and settled back in his chair.

"George Orr?" I asked. "Name seems familiar, but I don't seem to recollect just where I've heard it. Why? Some old college pal come to life down here?"

"No; I don't know myself. Moray was telling me about him. Seems as if he's just an odd sort of a chap, half philosopher, half potter, who lives all alone, except for an adopted son, over yonder on the Island. He came down here from New York some fifteen years ago, adopted a fisherman's boy, and has been on the Island ever since. He's really a master in his art. How'd you like to go over and see his goods, just by way of a little diversion? I know you said you wanted to forget business, but I tried society with you, and from your looks now, that doesn't seem to have worked. It's only six miles over to the Island, and Moray says the older man is well worth visiting. Besides, you might find something interesting for the company. I've engaged Moray's launch for the afternoon; so, if you'll go, I'd like to have your company."

"Sure," I answered. "Anything to get away from these pesky mosquitos for a little while. And as for business, I might as well enjoy a poor time doing business as doing nothing at all. What time do you want to leave?"

"Oh, about three o'clock. That will put us back here in ample time for dinner. Meet me down at the pier then, and we'll go over and spend a couple of hours with the ole curiosity." Hartley got up, stretched lazily, and strolled back into the parlor of the hotel.

George Orr, George Orr—where in the world had I heard that name? Orr was the name of the bronze-worker whose "Centaur" had won the Academy prize some years ago; but Hartley said this man was only a potter, and the other man, the last I heard of him, was acquiring fame and distinction abroad. 'Twas merely the coincidence of names that led to the feeling of familiarity I had at the mention of the potter's name.

At three o'clock I met Hartley and Moray at the pier, and we set out in Moray's boat for the Island. The sun was bright on the water, but there was at least a breeze and a little more comfort from the mosquitos that annoyed us on land. Moray's boat had a very good speed, and it was not long before we reached the Island.

We made our way up the shell-covered beach to an old fort-like building some distance back from the water, which Moray told us was the older man's home and shop. We



entered without ceremony of knocking. There was only one person in the room, a stalwart young fisherman, busily engaged in tying up the broken places in his net. He rose as we entered and came forward to meet us.

“Good evening, Bob,” Moray said. “Is your father at work today? I’ve brought out two gentlemen from New York who’d like to see some of his work, and, maybe, to buy some.”

“To buy some?” The young man’s face brightened. “He’s out on the Island now, hunting clay. Just you wait here, and I’ll go see if he’ll come.” With that, he went out to the shop, leaving us behind to examine our surrounding while awaiting the arrival of the potter.

The room was literally filled with crockery, dust covered, it is true, but expressive of infinite care and study on the part of the potter. Piled high on the wooden shelves that lined every wall, locked up in chests with glass doors, littering the floor and every article of furniture, there were pitchers and bowls, flasks, vases, lamps, and dishes of all shapes and sizes; some large, some small; some beautifully painted, some simply tinted, and many very plain and uncolored, just as they had come from the potter’s wheel.

Presently the young fisherman returned, and with him came the potter. He was a man of probably seventy years or more. But his keen, black eyes had none of the dimness of time, possessing rather a brightness and magnetism which compelled attention and which kept my gaze riveted on his. His long gray hair, which looked as though it had never been cut, was done up in a knot on the back of his head; his beard fell far below his chest. Dressed in an old, worn suit of brown corduroy and blue cotton shirt opened at the throat, with pieces of

coarse twine serving as suspenders, he created an impression of poverty which seemed quite out of keeping with the beautiful pieces of pottery lining the walls of the room.

“Good evening, Orr,” Moray greeted him. “I’ve brought out two gentlemen to see some of your work. Mr. Roberts here buys such things, and you might be able to get him to set the right price on some of your bowls or pitchers.”

“Mr. Roberts?” He turned and looked at me. “Ah, it is Mr. Roberts of the Academy? And so you’d like some of my pottery, since I could not let you have ‘The Centaur’? Remember ‘The Centaur,’ my bronze at the Academy?”

Yes, Orr was indeed the bronze-worker who had won the Academy prize, and had refused to sell me the prize-winner, though I offered an enormous sum for it, simply because I had failed to set the correct value on it.

“Why, Orr,” I greeted him, “I’m mighty glad to run up against you again, even in this out-of-the-way corner of the world! Remember ‘The Centaur’? Who could forget it, man? But what’s become of it? Sold long ago in some rare collection, I’ll bet!”

“No, Roberts,” he smiled sadly. “No one ever appreciated it enough. ‘The Centaur’ is still in my own collection. Would you like another look at it?” And he turned to one of the shelves, tenderly lifted down a large, heavy piece, carried it to a table near the window, removed the dirty, coarsely woven sack with which it was covered, and with a gleam of pride in his dark eyes, stepped aside that we might see. There it was, the same wonderfully wrought bronze that had created such a sensation in the Academy, that had been the ground of much speculation as to its owner’s future career, speculation quite different from



the seeming reality. It was the figure of a centaur, just on the point of snatching up on its back a beautiful Greek maiden of sensitive, yet frightened, face. Delicacy and grace, in the form of the maiden, struggling in the beast's embrace, combined with the brute force of the half-human monster to make a masterpiece worthy of the Greeks themselves.

I turned half fiercely to the potter. "Orr, what is the meaning of this?" I demanded. "I thought you were in Europe, enjoying fame and fortune, the greatest sculptor of the day; and I find you here in a fisherman's hovel, wasting your genius on common clay!"

"I'm afraid you've not improved in taste or judgment since last we met, Roberts," he replied. "I stopped my bronze work with 'The Centaur.' No one could be found to appreciate it. I decided to try a higher art, and so I took up my work with 'common clay,' as you call it. Since the beginning of time the potter's wheel has been grinding. In the olden times the art was appreciated, but now it is about to suffer the same fate that has overtaken other arts. But how do you like the work of my wheel?"

"How do I like it? I can only say that you have a fortune in this room. For heaven's sake, Orr, why won't you sell and live decently?"

"Why won't I sell? Because, Roberts, I can't reconcile my conscience to selling my work to those who know nothing of the toil, the thought, and the care that go into every piece I make. In this age of mechanical industry, the hand manufacturer is about to die, and with the death of the manufacturer *genuine* articles will cease. Don't you see that I'm struggling, not for my own comfort, not for my own life, but for the Triumph of Truth itself? Occasionally there comes along someone who

has stopped long enough to study something of my art, someone who can appreciate a piece for what it really is. To this person I would gladly sell, but to others I cannot. That was why I could not let you have 'The Centaur,' and that is why I cannot now let you have any of my 'common clay.' I'm sorry, Roberts. I had hoped that you had grown."

And no amount of persuasion, by words or money, could make him change his mind. It was getting late, and we were forced to go back, as empty-handed as we had come, across the bay to the summer resort, to the merry life of the hotel, to the parties, the dinners, the picnics and dances, still planning, however, to visit the potter once more.

Again, one day, Hartley and I were sitting alone on the wide piazza of the hotel. A cool, refreshing breeze was blowing in from the bay; a stiff northeaster a few days before had swept the plague of mosquitos out to sea with it; and altogether life was much pleasanter and more worth living. I was about to fall into a doze when Hartley broke the silence.

"Say, Roberts, see that little boat tying up out yonder at the pier? I've been watching it this half hour. It came from the direction of the Island. Ah! There's the young fisherman, the potter's son, coming up the pier this way. Let's go ask him about the potter."

We started down across the wide lawn to meet him. He saw us and quickened his step. His face, when he got close enough to see, was greatly troubled.

"Will you come with me, please?" he asked. "My father received notice this morning that the old fort and all his belongings were to be attached for a small debt unless he pays this week. I fear for his mind if they take his works. He cannot bear to have them all sold



to just anybody. He has been acting strange all morning. Let us hurry, for he's been alone this hour and a half."

We three hurried back down the pier, entered the fisherman's boat, and started out again for the Island. The trip seemed ages long. Always the boy kept his eyes fastened on the Island and on the sea before him.

As we neared the Island, I saw his gaze directed to a small slow-moving boat headed toward us. The boy paled. "That's him! He's headed for the Sink," he whispered. "We must hurry. He might do something." We quickened our speed as much as possible, and then sat waiting. As we drew near, we could plainly see the old potter, for it was he, laboriously pulling out into the bay. At a certain distance out he stopped, letting his oars go. Then out of the bottom of the boat, piece by piece, he took his pottery, the results of years of toil, held each

caressingly a moment in his arms . . . and then slipped it quietly over the boat's edge into the water. The pottery was all gone! A moment later "The Centaur" appeared, resting heavily on the side of the boat; the potter seemed to hesitate, but turning at the moment to catch a glimpse of us as we approached, he made his decision and let it, too, slide into the sea. At last, with great difficulty, he raised something, apparently much heavier, out of the boat against the sky line. It was the potter's wheel! A few moments he held it close against his chest, and then it, too, slipped down beneath the dark water. He turned, picked up his oars, and came to meet us.

"Well, Roberts," he smiled sadly, "the potter's wheel will grind no more, but the potter was true to the last."

8 Which is the potter's definition of a "genuine" article?

- Ⓐ one that is not sold
- Ⓑ one that is made of clay
- Ⓒ one that wins awards
- Ⓓ one that is made by hand



9 Why does the potter think Roberts has not grown since he last saw him?

- (A) Roberts no longer admires the potter's sculpting ability.
- (B) Roberts thinks the potter is wasting his time working on an island.
- (C) Roberts lacks appreciation for the effort and care that goes into the artwork.
- (D) Roberts still thinks "The Centaur," a masterpiece, is the work of a genius.

10 As used in the passage, the word magnetism means

- (A) unusual power to attract or influence.
- (B) the force exerted by a magnetic field.
- (C) a sudden feeling of kinship.
- (D) the science of magnetic fields.

11 What motivates the potter to throw the artwork into the bay?

- (A) He thinks no one will buy it.
- (B) His debt is to be paid by the sale of it.
- (C) His bronze work is superior to the other works.
- (D) He wants to give up sculpting.



12 Which statement best supports the theme of the passage?

- Ⓐ “ ‘He came down here from New York some fifteen years ago, adopted a fisherman’s boy, and has been on the Island ever since.’ ”
- Ⓑ “Moray’s boat had a very good speed, and it was not long before we reached the Island.”
- Ⓒ “And no amount of persuasion, by words or money, could make him change his mind.”
- Ⓓ “ ‘Ah! There’s the young fisherman, the potter’s son, coming up the pier this way.’ ”

13 The author reveals the potter’s character in all ways except

- Ⓐ showing his actions.
- Ⓑ describing how he looks and dresses.
- Ⓒ letting the reader hear him speak.
- Ⓓ letting the reader listen to his thoughts.



Directions

Read the passage about John J. Audubon. Then, answer the questions that follow.

John J. Audubon: Bird Enthusiast and Artist

John J. Audubon had always been interested in birds, but at the age of 35 he set a lofty goal for himself: to paint and describe all the birds of North America. Audubon was not the first person to set this goal. Alexander Wilson had attempted to do this same thing years earlier. Wilson published an illustrated, nine-volume work called *American Ornithology* between 1808 and 1814. The volumes Audubon created were even more impressive. Today the name “Audubon” is world famous for its connection to birds and bird conservation. In addition, Audubon’s work, titled *Birds of America*, is still regarded as one of the most authoritative books in the field.

In 1820 Audubon began his search for the birds of North America. He had no formal training in art or science, but he was patient, ambitious, and determined to succeed. During the next two decades, what had once been Audubon’s hobby became his full-time job. Audubon roamed the country in order to gain firsthand knowledge of birds in their habitats. His travels earned him the name “the American Woodsman.” Dressed in buckskin, he traveled to remote areas of North America from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Audubon worked tirelessly, tracking birds and making sketches of them.

Audubon achieved success not only because of his tireless efforts but also because

of the techniques he developed for creating his art. He created animated images, in contrast to the stiff, model-like images produced by artists before him. He was able to accurately capture the textures and colors of birds. He was the first to create life-size images. Today modern photography helps artists create lifelike images, but many people believe that no modern artist can compete with Audubon. He had assistants travel with him to paint the plants and landscape backgrounds. This let Audubon concentrate on the birds. To make the birds look realistic, Audubon often combined several media in one image. He used pastels, pencils, watercolors, glazes, and gouache—an opaque color created by mixing watercolors with gum.

In 1824, Audubon was pleased with his progress and was ready to begin publishing his work. He traveled to Philadelphia, still dressed in buckskins, to talk with members of the scientific community. He hoped to obtain financial support for his project, locate an engraver to turn his paintings into prints, and find a publisher.

The scientific community of Philadelphia was not impressed with John J. Audubon. His appearance seemed less than professional, and he had no formal education. Luckily, a family friend admired Audubon’s ambition and introduced him to some influential people.



One of these people was Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the nephew of Napoleon, the emperor of France.

Bonaparte was an ornithologist¹ and an artist himself, as well as a member of a very prestigious organization called the Academy of Natural Sciences. Bonaparte recognized the value of Audubon's work. Bonaparte took Audubon to the Academy to show his works. However, Audubon offended the group by criticizing the work of Alexander Wilson. For several years after that, Audubon struggled to have his work accepted.

In 1826, unable to obtain the support he needed in America, Audubon sailed to Great Britain. People in the British scientific community were fascinated by his frontier appearance. Most showed great enthusiasm for his work. Audubon found an engraver in

London, and the two of them began the lengthy process of turning Audubon's watercolors into prints. *Birds of America* was published in four volumes between 1827 and 1838. It contained 435 plates of 1,065 birds.

Audubon's prints are now highly prized and his work is highly regarded, as is the five-volume *Ornithological Biography* that accompanied the prints. It contains detailed essays on the bird portraits. Audubon's hard work gained him the success and fame he desired. By using his passion for birds to build a career, Audubon fostered an appreciation for the birds of North America. Years later, the National Audubon Society was founded in his honor. The society's mission is to conserve and restore natural ecosystems and to protect birds and other wildlife and their habitats.

¹ornithologist: a person who studies birds

14 John Audubon can best be described as

- (A) careless and proud.
- (B) accepting and traditional.
- (C) independent and determined.
- (D) artistic and refined.



15 Which word is a synonym for *lofty* as it is used in the passage?

- Ⓐ favorable
- Ⓑ effective
- Ⓒ ambitious
- Ⓓ original

16 What is not true about Audubon's work?

- Ⓐ His work required an engraver.
- Ⓑ His work concentrated on landscapes and plants.
- Ⓒ His work replicated accurate textures and colors.
- Ⓓ His work included the use of pastels.

17 According to the passage, what did Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte and John Audubon have in common?

- Ⓐ Both admired the American frontier.
- Ⓑ Both were ornithologists and artists.
- Ⓒ Both were well-known woodsmen and authors.
- Ⓓ Both were members of the Academy of Natural Sciences.



18 According to the passage, which presented an obstacle in Audubon's career?

- Ⓐ his criticism of Alexander Wilson's work
- Ⓑ his competition with Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte
- Ⓒ his search for the correct medium for his pictures
- Ⓓ his desire to be a part of the scientific community

19 According to the passage, which is an accurate statement about *Birds of America*?

- Ⓐ It pledged to protect natural ecosystems.
- Ⓑ It included detailed essays.
- Ⓒ It contained black and white sketches.
- Ⓓ It was published in four volumes.

20 With which statement would Audubon most likely agree?

- Ⓐ Competitiveness is highly regarded.
- Ⓑ Determination produces a favorable outcome.
- Ⓒ Talent results in immediate reward.
- Ⓓ Formal training is essential for advancement.



21 Audubon made impressive contributions to North American ornithology

- ☐ A in spite of the lack of American support.
- ☐ B because of his extensive education.
- ☐ C in spite of the lack of British support.
- ☐ D because of his professional appearance.

22 What is the tone of the passage?

- ☐ A admiring
- ☐ B patriotic
- ☐ C impartial
- ☐ D uncertain

23 Use two examples from the passage to show how Audubon became a success. This item is worth 2 points.



Directions

Read the poem. Then, answer the questions that follow.

CARPE DIEM

(seize the day)

by Judith Ortiz Cofer

Remember to wake early and take your time in rising.
Enter the world refreshed by the hope
emitted by each atom of light,
by the bird who must sing at the sight
of the sun. Does he pity us humans,
who can choose not to break into song
at dawn?

Look for small revelations all day.

Let water heal your body. Think of bathing
as a ritual of new beginnings.

Step outside and breathe deeply.
Take in the smells
of life, good and foul. Remember
this day is a gift.

Be surprised by nature
that shares your world of giant steps.
The bug that irks you, the yellow butterfly
that catches your eye,
and the furred thing with sharp teeth
that repels you—are all in your moment
of history.

Concentrate on living hour by hour as if
you were feeding coins into a meter
measuring your life.
Here is this hour,
and you have already paid for it.



Love your work, and enjoy your play. Remember,
there is little lasting joy in things done
only for gold or fame. Without love
your spirit will be a flower
picked without purpose
and thrown on the ground
to be trampled by anyone.

Welcome the night. Good sleep
is your body's mending time. In its sweet release,
the fires of worry and anger will be subdued;
and in dreams you may learn to fly above any blaze,
and let your secret self float free
above a new world
you must imagine and learn to embrace
each and every day.

24 Which is a synonym for the word *emitted* as it is used in the poem?

- Ⓐ revealed
- Ⓑ found out
- Ⓒ given off
- Ⓓ demanded

25 According to the poem, in what way is the bird that sings at dawn different from us?

- Ⓐ It sings much more joyfully than people do.
- Ⓑ It has no choice except to sing.
- Ⓒ It feels a deep sadness for people.
- Ⓓ It has to be awakened by the dawn.



26 Which best states the main idea of the first stanza of the poem?

- Ⓐ There is much work to do.
- Ⓑ Rise early and begin the day with hope.
- Ⓒ The best days begin with music.
- Ⓓ Allow nature to entertain you each morning.

27 Referring to “bathing as a ritual of new beginnings” makes bathing seem like

- Ⓐ a worthy ceremony.
- Ⓑ something to be avoided.
- Ⓒ something to be measured.
- Ⓓ a healthful practice.

28 Based on information in the poem, how does the speaker suggest we should view nature?

- Ⓐ We should respect its delicate balance and limit our impact on it.
- Ⓑ We should appreciate all aspects of it, not just the things we find beautiful.
- Ⓒ We should recognize that it is powerful and cannot be controlled by humans.
- Ⓓ We should understand the importance of its cycles of renewal.



29 The poet most likely wrote the poem to

- Ⓐ entertain with a story about how to love work.
- Ⓑ inform about ways to study nature.
- Ⓒ persuade others to rise early and work full days.
- Ⓓ explain how to appreciate life fully.

30 According to the speaker of the poem, dreams bring

- Ⓐ anger.
- Ⓑ anxiety.
- Ⓒ freedom.
- Ⓓ purpose.



31 With which statement would the speaker most likely agree?

- Ⓐ Using our senses increases awareness of our surroundings.
- Ⓑ Ignoring things that cause pain eases our unhappiness.
- Ⓒ Earning a good income is important for success.
- Ⓓ Achieving fame brings contentment.

32 Which line from the poem best supports the author's theme?

- Ⓐ "The bug that irks you, . . ."
- Ⓑ "Step outside and breathe deeply."
- Ⓒ "... you have already paid for it."
- Ⓓ "Love your work, and enjoy your play . . ."



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**Grade 10
Reading Test Book
Form PTR**

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